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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 326.

## SAYING GOOD-NIGHT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The hour is getting late, my dear;  
The moon is out of sight,  
And so I think I'd better go—  
Good-night, my love, good-night!  
  
How fair your face is now, my sweet,  
Kissed by that star's soft light!  
I'm jealous of such kisses, and  
I'll kiss you—so—good-night!  
  
Wait! let me twine this rose among  
Your curls. Oh, charming sight!  
A picture made for me to kiss—  
Dear, kiss me back, good-night!  
  
How still the night is! not a bird  
Is anywhere in sight,  
I'm glad, for—kiss me!—they'll not see  
How lovers say good-night!  
  
Ah, I must go. This will not do.  
Sleep woos your eyes so bright,  
And so—this is the twentieth time—  
Let's kiss and say good-night!

## OLD DAN RACKBACK,

### The Great Exterminator: OR, THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES,  
AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM,"  
"DAKOTA DAN," "OH HURRICANE,"  
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER X.

A DANGEROUS, YET LUDICROUS AFFAIR.  
DAKOTA DAN was almost shocked by the new peril that now menaced him. His tongue had become paralyzed and his lips sealed in silence. He could see the outlines of a human face before him, and feel the pressure of the cold steel tube of the revolver against his bloodless cheeks.

There was just light enough struggling through the grass to relieve the space under the wagon of its Egyptian gloom, and enable Dan to distinguish the partial outlines of a beardless face just behind the threatening weapon. He tried to make out to whom the face belonged, but the swaying of the lantern caused the light, shining through the grass, to dance and flicker in checkered bars across the visage of the unknown, so that it was impossible to study his features.

He saw, however, that, like himself, the stranger was lying face downward, and that his elbows were resting upon the ground, while with his left hand he steadied the right, which held the revolver.

Dan glared at the unknown for full a minute, with a look of dumb astonishment; but he was not the man to remain thus, even though death stared him in the face.

In moments of danger, thoughts force themselves upon the mind without any apparent volition of the will, and so it occurred to Dan's perturbed wits, that, if the stranger was an enemy to the Indians and outlaws, he could not be an enemy to him, and that their—Dan's and the stranger's—safety was of a mutual consideration. He thought that the man had perhaps assumed his threatening attitude with the intention of imposing silence upon him, knowing, or at least fearing, that the sudden discovery of his presence under any less threatening position might lead to some inadvertency that would cost both of them their lives. It was precisely what the old borderman would have done himself, had he been in the stranger's place and known that a friend was coming upon him unaware of his presence.

Dan soon recovered his usual composure, though he remained perfectly quiet. He found that he had thrown himself into a position similar to that of the stranger—that is, he lay face downward with his elbows resting on the ground, his hands elevated, one clutching his revolver and the other steadyng it. By depressing the muzzle of his weapon slightly, it pointed directly into the face of the unknown; and with a nod of the head and a wink of the eye, which seemed to say, "now fire, will you? and I will too!" the old ranger placed his finger upon the trigger of the weapon and compressed his lips in a manner that implied a cool, fearless determination not to yield an inch.

Meanwhile, the wildest demonstrations were being made among the savages and outlaws. Briefly as possible, Prince De Lano, the wagon-master, told his troubles, and at once dispatched a score of mounted red-skins to search the plain for the unknown enemy. The others stood huddled around the wagon like cattle, and now and then one or two would advance and peer in under the canvas at the captive, retiring with ejaculations that denoted admiration.

The noise and confusion were kept up by the outlaws and their red allies much to the relief of Dakota Dan. It enabled him to "face the music" under the wagon without any diversion of attention.

Both he and his unknown companion maintained their defiant, threatening and ludicrous positions with unflinching courage and dogged patience. Neither moved a muscle. The threatening revolvers never varied a hair's breadth from the first position assumed. Dan tried his best to make out the face of his adversary, but the light was too faint and flickering—the grass too high and thick between them.

To a casual observer the scene would have appeared decidedly ridiculous. Who has not seen two thoughtless boys lying upon their stomachs, their heels in the air and their hands together, regarding in silence the continued ef-



Idaho Tom raised his revolver, and, taking as good aim as the darkness would permit, fired.

forts of a little ant to perform some impossible task!

With this same silent and apparent depth of interest, did the two enemies regard each other, with the muzzle of a revolver within a foot of each face.

How he was to get out of his predicament, Dan could not form the least idea with any assurance of success.

To make a dash for the darkness seemed a very easy way, yet there was danger of such a movement invoking a fatal shot from the man before him, or of foiling all his plans in effecting the release of the captive in the wagon.

Waiting until the red-skins began one of their occasional wrangling noises, the ranger resolved to open a communication with his grim enemy, even at the risk of his life, and in a low, sharp, falsetto voice:

"Dim it, stranger, who be you?"

"Silence or death!" was the man's reply, fairly hissed.

"Thunder!" returned Dan, regardless of his threat, "you needn't git your back up; they can't hear us."

"Won't you hold your tongue, you old rattlebrain?" and the fellow pushed his revolver closer into Dan's face.

"Lord! Lord!" exclaimed Dan, his eyes sparkling like jewels; "give me another wag of your paw, boy!"

And the two friends, Dakota Dan and Old Tom, the famous young outlaw of Silverland, grasped hands in a happy, cordial greeting, almost forgetting, for the time being, that three score of deadly enemies surrounded them.

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"Great Judea!" groaned old Dan; "that's makin' matters wusser and wusser, it is indeed. Poor young thing! May God protect her until we can find her—but mebby she's hid nigh in the grass—girl girl!" he shouted, "whar be you?"

But there came no answer—no response save the screams of the negro in the wagon, and the yell of savages on the plain.

"Thar, hear that, boy? it's time to make ourselves seldom in these parts. The purgatorialians are comin' back. Mebby Humility can follow the trail of the gal; come with me, Tom. Here; pup, come away, and let that varmint go now. The devil 'll finish him."

The old ranger moved rapidly away, followed by Idaho Tom and his dog.

Straight toward the point where he had left Snowball he made his way. But, to his surprise, he could not find the darky where he believed he had left him.

"I'm afraid the varmints has skeered that niggero and the horses out of the country," he said. "I know it war nigh here that I left him, but drotted if I can see anything of him."

"Can you see anything at all?" asked Tom.

"Nothin' but blidin' darkness. It absorbs all other colors and objects. But I b'lieve I'll call to the niggero," and so saying, he uttered a low call; but there was no response.

"Dog my boots if he arn't gone—he's made a scarcity of himself, and so's ole Patience, my mare. But she'll not go fur; she knows her business just as natural as water does its course. You know she's a sagacious critter, Tom? and I tell ya she's lost none of her vim. Oh, murther! you ort to see her elevate a red-skin 'over the river' a few days ago. It's a fact, nothin' war ever found of him but his moccasins. They war right where he stood when she fired at him, and she jist histed him right slap dab out of his slippers as easy as fallin' off a log. A monstrous kick'er is that mare, Tom; and the older she gits, the solider she puts 'em in—just kicks fire out of the atmosphere—fact; but boy, what—what ails you?"

Tom stumbled and fell over something lying across his path.

"Moses!" exclaimed Tom, rising to his feet,

"I fell over a human body, be it living or dead!"

"Great Solomon! you don't say! Mebby it's the niggero, dead or alive; or it may be an Ing's outfit. Here, Humility, old pup, what is it? Hiss, old dog, hiss!"

The dog frisked around his master's feet, then set up a mournful howl.

"That tells the tale, Thomas," said the old man, in a tone of positive assurance. "He's dead, be he red, black or white; but I'm afraid it's the niggero."

"I have some matches in my pocket and can ascertain," said Tom.

Then he struck a match, and shading it with his hands until it blazed up, stepped back and held it down close to the face of the prostrate form. The light flashed and went out, but it enabled the two to obtain a glimpse of the unknown face.

It was a black face—the face of Snowball. It wore the awful seal of death.

"The red demons have found the niggero," Dan said, with a deep-drawn sigh; "and all's over with him, poor fellow. Thomas, we've got to look after our own hair's safety. If the enemy git us our fate'll be that of the niggero. As for me, that's no one to mourn my loss; but if you should be killed, boy, that's no tellin' what young eyes would grow dim waitin' and watchin' for your comin'."

"Then let us be off, Dan," Tom said; "I might call my men, but for fear danger is closer than they, I will wait awhile."

"Patience, my mare, must be nigh and I must hev her afore I leave. A low whistle 'll be all that's necessary to call her in," and, as he concluded, he gave the call.

Instantly the shrill whinny of a horse was heard a short distance away.

"Thar, did ye hear that familiar voice? It war her n—Patience, my mare's."

"But what does that mean?" asked Tom.

A strange light suddenly arose from behind a swell in the plain and floated toward them with a wave-like motion. For a moment the two men regarded it with no little wonder and curiosity; but, as it came nearer, its motions became more rapid, and the rangers decided that it must be a lantern carried on horseback. They could hear the swish of feet through the grass, and as they came nearer, and the beams of light thrust their long, skeleton-like selves out through the darkness, Tom said:

"Enemies, Dan."

"Yes, drop aside and don't let the light hit ye, for I'll go a coon-skin that that's Ingins bein' hit that light."

"Indians seldom carry lights when they hunt an enemy," Tom observed.

"I know it, boy; but them cussed outlaws are at the head of that light business. That linchpin and lost mare will raise the furies in 'em, and they'll leave nothin' undone to slip a knife awitx our hair and skulls."

They turned aside and moved out of the line of the light. It passed them, now rising and falling, then oscillating like a pendulum, with short, quick strokes. It went on past them a few paces and stopped.

"Ding the luck," said Dan, in a whisper, "we've got to git away from here, Tom; and I'm afraid ole Patience has got into 'em purgatorialians' hands. I must make another call, anyhow; then I'll be satisfied."

And he did. Then he listened intently for some sound indicative of his mare's approach. He heard nothing, but to his surprise and horror saw that mysterious light turn and move directly toward them.

"Dakota Dan, we've got to keep still," said Tom; "we're hunted by human bloodhounds."

The light approached them, accompanied by the sound of feet. It was not a natural light, for its color seemed to change in and out of red and blue, white and crimson, with every oscillation, casting weird and fantastic figures around. The rangers turned aside as it approached them. Behind it the mystified plainsmen beheld some dark, gigantic form, whose extremities were lost in the gloom, stalking onward with long, sweeping strides.

"Gosh a'mighty, Tom, that must be the red eye of doom, or the optic of the Demon of Darkness!" exclaimed Dan, not a little puzzled.

Idaho Tom made no response. He was trying to make out the object moving behind the light, but so effectually was it screened from the rays that only the dimmest outlines could be seen; these, however, seemed of Titan proportions without any tangible form.

"It is not a man behind that light, Dan," he finally remarked; "and what it is I cannot say."

"Tom, run; it's arter us again," exclaimed Dan.

True enough, the light had turned, and again it was coming toward them. They wheeled about and beat a hasty retreat. But they could no longer evade the bearer of the light though they were several rods away.

Turn and dodge as they would in the impenetrable gloom the blazing orb followed them.

They broke into a run, and, as they sped along, Dan again called to his mare in hopes that she might hear him and come to his assistance. But in this he was disappointed.

"Tom," the old fellow finally remarked, as he glanced back over his shoulder, "that light is born by no human hands. No human being could follow our trail as it is doing. We're not visible to mortal eyes. Only the keenest scent could keep our track."

"I don't know, Dan," responded Idaho Tom; "although it puzzles me, I am inclined to believe it is some human agency. But, step lively, friend Daniel; it's gainin' upon us."

The two hurried on through the gloom endeavoring to elude the pursuing terror. But their exertions were made in vain. It followed them, turning and dodging whichever way they did, and finally it began to gain rapidly upon them. It came so close that they could see each other's face, looking white and ghostly in its glaring light.

Filled with a vague fear, they quickened their pace. They ran on at the top of their speed, while still on in swift pursuit came that fearful Demon of Darkness!

#### CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT WAS IT?—LIVELY TIMES.

"I CAN'T keep this up to-night, to-morrow and the next day, Tom," said Dakota Dan, as they hurried on over the plain, the old man's breath coming quick and short; "I'm not as nimble as I used to was, Tom; age's tellin' on me. My hand's not as steady as a rock, nor my eyes strong as a spy-glass, nor my wind as good as it war, twenty years ago."

"Call your mare again, Dan; if you could only get on her back, I could get along afoot," said Tom, thoughtfully.

Dan stopped and uttered another call. A horse whinnyed not far away, and behind them.

Idaho Tom glanced back and saw that their pursuer was doubling upon them. The light was swaying and glimmering until it dazzled their eyes—blinded them. Deep sounded the tramp of approaching footsteps.

"Drop aside, Dan, drop aside," said Tom, "or we will be caught in the light," and grasping the old man by the arm he drew him hastily aside out of the line of the light.

The next moment the heavy tread of many feet swept past them. A low exclamation burst from Tom's lips.

"Ay! do you not see into it, Dan?" he said.

"Nay, nay, Thomas," replied the old man.

"That light is nothing but a bull's-eye lantern hung to the neck of a horse—the horse is following us, and not less than a dozen savages are following it. And that horse is no other, in my opinion, than—"

"Patience, my mare. Ay, the cunnin' varmints, I see into their little game. They've caught the poor old critter, hung a light to her foremast, so that it might lead them to her master's side, known, by some means or other, that she'd hunt me out of this terrible gloom. It's a trick worthy of better brains, but my sweet-scented vagabonds, you'll not find old Dan Raebuck and Idaho Tom sleepin' like a brace of opium-eaters. Thomas, I feel like myself again, and if them varmints don't look a little out, they'll run agin' the big end of an earthquake. Boy, your hand is steadier than mine; can't you snuff that light with yer revolver?"

"I can try," rejoined Tom, drawing his weapon, "but we will both have to drop ourselves in the grass the instant I fire, for the flash of my revolver will be sure to bring a volley of bullets this way."

Idaho Tom raised his revolver and, taking as good aim as the darkness would permit, fired. Then they sunk down into the grass, and a moment later a dozen bullets cut through the air where they had stood.

The young ranger's shot at the light proved an unfortunate, as well as successful one. It struck the lantern and shattered it to pieces, but the oil that fed it being highly inflammable, became ignited and flashed up with a broad, brilliant glare. The fire communicated with the tall dry grass, and soon a pyramid of brilliant flames shot up into the gloom of the night. The whole surrounding plain became lit up for rods. Patience became frightened and fled away across the plain.

A yell burst from a dozen savage throats and was answered by the sharp crack, crack of our two friends' revolvers. A number of the foe went down ere they could fully ascertain where the enemy lay. But when the survivors had gained this desired information they rushed upon them. Humility darted forward and seized one of them by the throat. The blare of a bugle came out from the darkness. Idaho Tom seized the coiled silver horn at his side and blew a startling blast upon it. Then he and Dan rose to their feet and engaged the savages.

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At this juncture a horseman galloped out of the darkness that hung over mountain and plain into the light of the wrecked lantern. The animal he bestrode was a beautiful black, handsomely caparisoned and full of mettle. The rider was small in proportions, and dressed in a sort of black gown, to which was attached a hood that covered the head and a veil that resembled a mask. Through the eye-holes of the latter gleamed a pair of dark, shining eyes. Small and finely-shaped feet, incased in blue kid boots, hung in silver stirrups with jingling rowels at the heels. In a small hand, smooth and delicate as a maiden's, was clutched a revolver—a tiny affair that flashed in the light a princely jewel.

Straight toward the combatants rides this strangely-clad horseman.

"That's it, Thomas," said Tom, "we're hunted by human bloodhounds."

The light approached them, accompanied by the sound of feet. It was not a natural light, for its color seemed to change in and out of red and blue, white and crimson, with every oscillation, casting weird and fantastic figures around. The rangers turned aside as it approached them. Behind it the mystified plainsmen beheld some dark, gigantic form, whose extremities were lost in the gloom, stalking onward with long, sweeping strides.

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Turn and dodge as they would in the impenetrable gloom the blazing orb followed them.

"He's dead! I'm afraid Tom is dead!" exclaimed Dakota Dan, in a tone that expressed his deep sorrow; and his words fell like a thunderbolt upon his friends. They were struck speechless by the terrible announcement, while from the lips of the masked horseman rang a cry of inward distress—a sharp, piercing cry.

"Judea!" exclaimed old Dan, who had been unable to notice but little around him heretofore; "wan't that the female woman's scream? I swar it sounded galish!"

Before any one could reply, the strange horseman dismounted, and running to the side of the fallen ranger, stooped and lifting his head, pillow'd upon his arm, and gazed down into his unconscious face.

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"He's dead! I'm afraid Tom is dead!" exclaimed Darcy Cooper, in a tone that expressed his deep sorrow; and his words fell like a thunderbolt upon his friends. They were struck speechless by the terrible announcement, while from the lips of the masked horseman rang a cry of inward distress—a sharp, piercing cry.

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Staging after staging was passed, and, at last, the two men stood at the bottom. In a minute more they were in the street, and without pausing, hurried away.

**CHAPTER XXX.**

MEETINGS AND PARTINGS.

"Ha, boss, did you see those lights?"

"Yes, Teddy, and, by Jove! I am sure they come from my cabin! Come, come! Some thing is wrong there. Let us draw nearer and see what all this means," and he started forward.

"We had better stay here, boss. They may be ghosts. This is the hour for them to be abroad."

The man spoke seriously, and hung back.

"Ghosts! Come on, fool, and none of your nonsense. Tie the horses to the old post there and follow me. We have no time to lose, for there's work ahead of us, between this and day."

The other man still hesitated, but only for a moment. He turned and taking the horses by the bit forced them to back the carriage a few feet. He then tied the reins to a post, the sole remains of a fence that had once skirted the property of the hill.

The men at once left the little hollow, in which they stood, and, entering the deserted Stephenson street, pushed on up toward Boyd's Hill.

Further down the same deserted thoroughfare, toward its foot, two other men strode along at a rapid pace. They were tall, brawny fellows, and they, too, bent their stride up the hill. They walked swiftly, as if they knew every inch of the ground well, and, as if they, had work before them.

"We are near the spot, Ben; and I long to be there! If we are successful it will be a grand triumph for me; if we are wrong! if we fail! Yet, we cannot, must not fail! 'Twould craze me now, after everything has worked so well; but, Ben, it was bad you did not succeed in getting the carriage."

"Yes, my boy; but, maybe 'tis for the best. The livery-man, had his stable been open, would have wondered why I, old Ben the minister, wanted a carriage. Take my word for it, Tom, 'tis ordered to be so, and, as I said, 'tis for the best; I know it."

"Perhaps it is," replied the other, as if half-convinced. "But, Ben, should we succeed in rescuing the young lady, what will we do? 'Tis not a mere step from here to Stockton avenue, in Alleghany city. And, late or not, I wish to teach the old aristocrat there, that an honest poor man can prove his innocence, and I'll do it!"

"You shall do it, Tom, for, if it can't be arranged otherwise, why, by the eternal pillars, we'll carry the young lady ourselves. In such work as that I can get along under a thousand-weight, again; and she, poor girl, I dare say, is as light as a sparrow. Besides, Tom, you have an arm on you, and it is no child's, either! We can manage all this; but, did you think, Tom, that we haven't found the young lady yet? God grant we may!"

"Amen!" replied Tom Worth, in a deep, earnest voice.

They redoubled their exertions, and strode on at a rapid stride up the hill.

Again several minutes passed in silence. Suddenly Tom Worth halted.

"Hist! hist! Ben! there is a carriage—see! just there in the hollow!"

"Yes, my boy, I see it, and we have company on the hill! We have work, too, Tom—that's a sure thing! And!" he continued, in a very low, but determined voice, "rascality is the game! We'll see who gets the carriage!"

"Have you any weapon, Ben?" asked the other.

"None but my stout arms; they are enough. Woe be unto the man who braves me!"

"Then come, Ben—ha! by heavens! you are right; the villains are at work! Voices, Ben—voices! and now, for vengeance!" and, as a long, wailing shriek, evidently from a female throat, sounded shrill and piercing on the still night air, the two friends rushed forward toward the top of the hill. A moment only elapsed before they stood on the summit, and not over twenty yards from the old house.

Before them, indistinctly in the gloom, a struggle was going on. And then the coarse voice of an angry, excited man pealed out in a hideous oath—and a low, wailing cry for mercy went feebly up.

"Now, old friend, into them!" shouted Tom Worth, in a voice that was stentorian in its power.

Old Ben needed no encouragement. With the bound of a tiger he sprang forward, by the side of his younger companion, who was fairly flying onward. A moment, and like an avalanche they swept upon their assailants; in another, heavy thuds of falling fists, sickening and terrible, sounded on the air; then the fierce breathing and the half-muttered curses of struggling men; then a pistol-shot, and another, all told that a terrible contest was in progress.

But, nothing could stand up against those two iron-made men of the mines, with their muscles of steel.

The pistol-shots had been harmless, and one of the men, his face knocked into a shapeless mass, had gone down before the ponderous blows of old Ben's right arm. For a moment there was a brief hand-to-hand struggle between Tom Worth and the other villain. It was indeed brief, for that young man was a very Hercules in the fight. In the twinkling of an eye he had sent his antagonist rushing and tumbling on the stony surface of the top of the hill.

The two strong men stooped simultaneously by the side of the fallen girl, lying so motionless on the ground. Quickly they chafed her cold hands and temples, and sought to raise her.

The girl did not seem to breathe.

"My God! my God! they have slain her! they have murdered my darling!"

Old Ben started as if shot, as he heard these words burst in a wailing sob from the breast of Tom Worth.

"No, no, Tom!" he said, in a low, sympathizing tone, "she still breathes, and—Ah! there they go, the hounds, and they have escaped us!" he suddenly exclaimed, springing to his feet, and pointing with his hand.

Sure enough, the villains who had for awhile been placed *hors du combat*, had slowly and unperceived regained their feet, and were now rapidly speeding away.

"Come, Tom," said old Ben, at length breaking the silence; "all's well; the young woman breathes; ha! she awakes! Assist her, Tom, and make for the carriage in the hollow! I'll go on—" and he hurried away.

Tom Worth tenderly lifted that half-conscious form in his strong arms, and bore it gently down the hill. He reached the carriage; it was standing in the road, and old Ben Walford, reins in hand, was already upon the driver's seat.

"Get in, Tom; get in with the lady, and let's

be off. Those scoundrels may get re-enforcements and return!"

Tom Worth placed his precious charge inside the vehicle, entered himself, and closed the door; then the carriage, under the guidance of the heroic old man on the box, rolled away at a fearful pace. Down through the city, then over the creaking wire-bridge, then up Federal street and then, at last, before the mansion of Richard Harley, the millionaire, on Stockton avenue, old Ben drew the reins.

Not a word had been spoken by those inside, though for a brief moment, Tom Worth had held the little hand, so cold and limp, in his, and had pressed his lips ardently to it.

The household was aroused, and in a few moments old Mr. Harley, in a dressing-gown, wondering and staring, stood at the door. His daughter reeled in, and flung her arms around his neck; he uttered a wild, piercing cry.

"Your preserver, Grace! where is he?"

The girl pointed to the tall form of the young miner, who stood in the glare of the light.

"Tom Worth, the miner! My God!"

But then, in an instant, with a glance of uttermost affection toward the maiden, the miner was gone.

The clear sun of the next morning broke, grand and luminous.

The beams of that sun flashed into the long-occupied room of Grace Harley, and into the chamber, too, of her old father.

And, not only was there sunshine in the apartments of that lordly mansion, but it glowed in every heart, too. For the lost was found—the daylight of the household once more gleamed in their midst, and happiness was upon

all.

Of course the news—as it was called by everybody—spread like wildfire; the heiress of old Richard Harley—the belle of Pittsburgh—had been found!

Extras were issued from the different newspaper offices, and the matter so strange and mysterious from the beginning to this ending, though for a time almost forgotten, was again on every tongue.

Then came the equally startling news that Tom Worth, the prisoner, had broken jail and escaped! Large rewards were immediately offered for his arrest; and his escape was proclaimed everywhere.

It seemed that the long-neglected grated window had been lifted, or torn out, bodily, from its bed, and that the prisoner had thus escaped. Forthwith, that very day, each window along the jail-wall was removed, and the holes left were filled up with solid granite blocks, as can be seen to this day in the old prison.

But there came no news of Tom Worth, the miner. Many were the congratulations pouring in that day upon the rich man, that his daughter had been found. And then enterprising reporters rung respectfully at the aristocratic mansion, and in their own urbane, *pushing*-style craved a "half-minute's interview with Miss Harley." The "interview" was, in every case, cheerfully or otherwise accorded; and to all she had the same news—that was very brief and non-sensational, to wit: on the night of terror, on the Mount Washington road, she was seized by two men, apparently miners, was thrown into a wagon, after being bound and blindfolded; was driven a long distance, and at last imprisoned in an old house, which she had just learned, stood isolated and alone on Boyd's Hill; that the room in which she was kept was elegantly furnished. And then, with a shudder, she went on rapidly to state that she was released by two brawny men, apparently miners, too.

That was all she had to tell.

The dusky twilight was settling on the place that day, when the bell sounded for the fiftieth time at the mansion of Mr. Harley. This time a letter was handed in by an old man, who hurried away at once. The letter was directed on Boyd's Hill; that the room in which she was kept was elegantly furnished. And then, with a shudder, she went on rapidly to state that she was released by two brawny men, apparently miners, too.

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# Saturday Journal

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Sunshine Papers.

Needed Reforms.

REFORMS are the order of the day. There are reformed churches and reformatory schools; reform measures, reform committees, reform bills, reform parties, reform platforms, and a mania for reforms civil, social and ecclesiastical. Yet there are some social customs still remaining unaffected by this mania that greatly need to be impregnated by its spirit. And not the least among these are the customs that govern modern funerals, weddings, anniversaries, and charities.

Funerals certainly might be bettered by a reform movement in regard to them. In accordance with the fashion of to-day they are but shows; which, if looked upon as indicative in any way of the refinement of the American people, are simply a disgrace to us. Who, reading the account of a costly funeral that occurred not long since, where strangers from the streets were allowed to fill the scores of carriages that had been ordered expressly for display, could fail to feel intense disgust? Yet that was only the outgrowth of an excess of what characterizes too many funerals. A vulgar love of ostentation prevails powerfully in our country. To be sure, it is a natural offshoot of the youth, prosperity and equality of our social system, and an age in which fortunes are made in a day, and gold is an open sesame to power and position. Yet it is not an evil that lies beyond the pale of reformation if only the cultured classes in our communities would frown upon such evident ill-taste, instead of passively drifting into the same current. The burial of our dead is not a fitting time for seeking to outvie one's neighbor, gain a sensational notice in a paper, or cause a nine-days' gossip among acquaintances. And then, the extent to which the fashion of making floral presentations on such occasions has gone calls for some speedy and severe reform movement. Flowers are not out of place at a funeral, and no one can appreciate their beauty more, nor the tenderness which prompts some of these gifts, than the writer. But in too many cases these offerings are merely formal and from donors whose highest motives are to outdo in lavish expenditure some social rival, and whose money might be better spent in canceling neglected debts. But the most serious evil arising from this prevalence of funeral presentations is the demand it makes upon many a hardy earned and seriously needed dollar or half-dollar of teachers, workmen, and laborers, who cannot refuse to join their comrades in buying some costly gift for master or chief who in life compelled them to toil wearily for scanty salaries, and in death has no need of their self-denial.

Again, weddings are occasions where a few reforms might be advantageously effected, if but enough sensible women could be found in the world to inaugurate the movement. For not seldom is good taste, common sense, and future comfort, sacrificed to a determination to make a grand splurge. Presents are expected alike from near friends and mere acquaintances. A fact which renders attendance upon weddings very onerous to many persons who feel compelled to send some gift and yet can scarcely afford to do so. And then the universality of this gift-giving encourages deceit and lowers the standard of good taste by largely forcing acceptance of imitation for reality—for but half the presents given at weddings are what they purport to be.

Following weddings come the numerous anniversaries of the same; the paper wedding at the end of a year, wooden wedding at the end of five years, tin at ten, crystal at fifteen, linen at twenty, and silver at twenty-five. These are pleasant epochs in the course of married life; pleasant to remember with one's friends,

and pleasant to have one's friends remember for one. But when these anniversaries are turned into occasions for polite beggary by intimating in dainty invitations that the guests are not expected to come with empty hands, it is quite time that some change be made in regard to these social impositions.

And such reform measures as are needed in regard to charities! And, as one, we would suggest that no person shall plume herself or himself upon her or his benevolence when such benevolence takes the form of bestowing only that which in any case would be worthless to the donor. Charity which costs nothing is of little account. Charity bestowed less for the sake of the good it will do than for the sake of the encomiums it will earn, is not the charity which covers a multitude of sins. Indiscriminate charity, bestowed merely to rid one's self of importunities, is a decided evil. While, of all absurdities, what can be more absurd than the misnomer, charity, applied to that exhibition of benevolence which devoutly expends itself in a five-dollar ticket for an entertainment given for the poor and needy, and meets the requirements of self-interest by expending several hundred dollars upon a costume to display at said entertainment.

As these needed reforms can only be effected by cultured and influential women, let us hope that a few such may glance here, and courageously determine that they will take such a social stand against display, reckless expenditure, and pernicious customs, as to lead into more sensible usages the women who will look to them for example.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

DESERTED HOUSES.

DESERTED houses may be a very prosaic and commonplace subject to many, and the houses themselves have no interest, yet they always invest themselves with a charm to me, and I often weave quite a romance out of the bare walls and empty rooms. Empty to others, but occupied with persons besides myself to me. I can people them with human beings—beings who have had their joys and sorrows, pains and pleasures, loves and hates, quarrels and "makings up" again, living just such lives as human beings with frail mortal natures always live.

When I find myself wandering in one of these deserted dwellings the humorous and pathetic side of life, in its various phases, fits through my mind and I give way to musing and thinking.

I think it was just here that Jennie said those harsh words to her beau which sent him home feeling as though he wanted to jump into the horse-pond—that caused him to say he'd "never visit her again" and she to declare that "she hoped he never would." Over there is the chamber where poor Jennie lay awake all night with tear-blinded eyes. And here it is again that the beau sat, for he did come back, and where Jennie told him how sorry she was for her conduct, for she did desire his return, making up the quarrel, mending the broken net and joining the severed links—daylight taking the place of darkness and making up again, living just such lives as human beings with frail mortal natures always live.

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**TRANSITION.**

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

A heart without a mate  
Is like a bird without a spring;  
In its winter desolate,  
All who can hear a lone heart sing;  
Just as a flower within a room  
Bursts from its bud-life into bloom—  
So love is grown!

Love is so thoughtful! love each day  
Seeks out some previous hidden way  
To bless its own!

Love may be blind, but love can see  
The eyes that gaze so tenderly  
Into its own!

Love may be blind, but love can see  
The heart that never more shall be  
Alone!

Love cannot find enough to do—  
No more can it find lips to say  
Its thoughts: love is so still and true  
When dawns its natal day!

**The Men of '76.**

**BENJAMIN LINCOLN.**

**"OLD STEADFAST."**

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

ONE of the solid men of the Revolution was Benjamin Lincoln. A substantial, honest, careful character, he won and retained Washington's confidence, and gave to the cause of Independence, in all its fortunes, that steady support and never-daunted resolution which, far more than brilliancy of special acts, carried the war to its victorious culmination. Among the Men of '76, therefore, he deserves an honored place, and no history of the war is likely to be written which does not award to him a most meritorious part in the stern drama.

Benjamin Lincoln was born at Hingham, Mass., Jan. 24th, 1733. There his life was spent in peaceful pursuits. He acquired a fair education and entered manhood with a reputation for integrity and intelligence which won him various local offices of trust. As the oppressive measures of the mother country became more pronounced, and the right of taxation more boldly claimed by George III. and his ministers, Lincoln espoused the party of liberty and soon took a leading position, in his town, in directing public opinion in the right direction. This prominence called him to a seat in the "General Court," as representative from Hingham, (1774) and when the Court resolved itself into a "Provincial Congress," he was named its secretary. Of the second Congress which met at Cambridge in 1775 he was also secretary and member of the "Committee of Supplies," and in May was named as one of the two "Master Musters" appointed to form the "Massachusetts army."

This may be said to have commenced his military life. He was very busy all that year. Forming that "army" and acquiring a knowledge of tactics and practice, compelled him to give up his whole time to the duty, and when, in February, 1776, he was commissioned brigadier-general, by the Council of State, it was evident that he was the right man in the right place. In May, (same year,) to increase his powers and efficiency, he was made a Major-General, and, as such, assumed control of the State militia and State military operations. Boston harbor was, under his direction, additionally fortified, and military efficiency was rapidly given to the militia. When news came of the disastrous defeat at Long Island, and it was known that the enemy was to make New York City his base of operations, Massachusetts sent forward its contingent of troops under command of Lincoln. He was assigned to Heath's division, which remained on the east side of the Hudson, after the main body of Washington's army had crossed to head off the British in their march across New Jersey. Heath, with fully 6,000 men, made a *faiseo* in the "threat" he was ordered to execute against Howe's lines (December, 1776,) and Washington called Lincoln's division forward to Morristown. Jan. 10th, 1777, the division crossed the Hudson and reported at head-quarters.

Feb. 19th, 1777, Congress formally transferred Lincoln to the Continental service, with the rank of Major-General. Heath was sent home to recruiting duty, resting under the expressed censure of the Commander-in-Chief for his inefficiency in the feint on New York.

Lincoln, stationed at Boundbrook, near New Brunswick, New Jersey, was surprised by a strong British detachment under Lord Cornwallis and the merciless General Grant, on the morning of April 18th, and suffered a sharp defeat, barely escaping, with one of his aids. The other aid, with all the General's papers, was taken prisoner, with sixty men and three guns. This surprise so mortified the General that thereafter he trusted no subordinate to a post of great responsibility without himself being fully advised of every step taken. He returned to Boundbrook immediately to find the enterprising Cornwallis gone beyond reach. The post being one of advance, demanded the greatest vigilance, and Lincoln was never again caught by surprise.

In July he was detached from Washington's own army to proceed to New England in order to organize and assume command of the militia going forward to confront Burgoyne, in his advance from Canada upon Albany. Aug. 2d, 1777, he reached Manchester, Vt.—the rendezvous. A hard task was his. The new men were to be organized, disciplined and equipped; supplies of all kinds were to be acquired; the enemy was to be watched and perhaps confronted in serious affrays. All was so well done that when old John Stark struck the enemy at Bennington, and Arnold had raised the siege of Fort Schuyler, Lincoln seized the British posts on Lake George, and thus severed Burgoyne's line of communication to the rear. Then the British General was forced to close quarters; the battle of Stillwater was fought, and Gates resolved to crowd his antagonist to a general battle or unconditional surrender. Lincoln was assigned to command the right wing of the Patriot army, with his own militia and three other brigades. This division was not called in action in the struggle of Oct. 7th, but on the 8th it drove the enemy from his position, and gained a strong vantage ground. That afternoon, in leading, in person, a regiment of militia, to secure a position in Burgoyne's rear, a small party of British was taken for Americans; an unexpected firing occurred, and the General was so severely wounded in the leg as to be incapacitated for service for more than a year. Thus, greatly to his disappointment, he was denied the pleasure of being present at the surrender of that splendid army which he had, in no small degree, helped to conquer. His confinement was cheered by many tokens of esteem from officers and citizens, and Washington expressed his sympathy and warm friendship in a very neat gift.

Not until August, 1778, was he once more able to stride the saddle. Then he returned to duty under Washington's own command, but

did not long there remain, for Congress, Sept. 25th, assigned him to the chief direction of the Department of the South—one of the most difficult and disheartening assignments that could have been made. The whole of South Carolina and Georgia was in a singular state of disorganization. Many petty commands were in the field, but all authority was precarious, and the enemy, gaining daily in strength and boldness, obtained substantial advantages. Savannah was wrested from the American General Howe; the cruel British General Prevost, coming up from Florida, captured Fort Sumter and its garrison and then reinforced Savannah. Lincoln, owing to various detentions, did not reach Charleston until early in Dec., 1778, and all these disasters followed, ere he had time to organize either for offense or defense.

Not at all disheartened, the patient patriot proceeded to create what did not exist—an army. It was indeed a hard task. Early in January he took post at Purysburg, thirty miles above Savannah, to watch the enemy. His "army" then numbered 950 men—an old collection of men of all degrees. In a month the force grew to 3,700, of whom 1,100 were regulars, whose addition was indeed welcome, for, greatly by their presence and discipline, was the commander able to compel his rough recruits to order and obedience.

Now he was able to operate, but his first blow was a sad failure through the culpable inefficiency of General Ashe. With 1,600 men Ashe was ordered to drive the enemy down the river (Feb. 15-16th, 1778) and to menace upon Savannah, in order to keep Prevost from assaulting the port at Purysburg. Ashe was caught by Prevost, by a surprise, and of all the 1,600 men under his command not more than 450 returned to Lincoln's ranks. This wretched disaster so reduced the patriot strength that, if the British had followed up their advantage, the whole force at Purysburg must have been scattered or destroyed.

Lincoln, however, acted with great prudence. Weak as he was he soon assumed the better to deceive the enemy. He marched upon Augusta—leaving Moultrie at Purysburg, with but 1,000 men. Prevost made a counter threat by moving upon Charleston, but Lincoln, slightly reinforcing Moultrie, kept on—Savannah really being his objective point, as the enemy was duly informed by the disloyalists, who watched and reported every movement of the "rebels." The South, at that time, was alive with British emissaries and citizen spies, who did immense harm to the patriot cause.

Prevost then thinking the moment opportune for a real dash at Charleston, started in earnest for that city, and a running fight occurred between him and the always ready Moultrie—as detailed in our sketch of the Palmetto brigadier. Finding that Charleston was in danger, Lincoln had no alternative but to abandon his movement upon Savannah and to hasten forward to the aid of Moultrie. He reached Charleston, but Prevost had decamped (May 12th.)

Lincoln now resolved to strike a blow that, if successful, would end British domination in the department. Prevost was entrenched at Stono Inlet, and against that position all the available forces were thrown; but, though Lincoln made a splendid attack, Moultrie's failure to come up in time disconcerted the enterprise, and Prevost was enabled to return to Savannah, to which point the American again turned his attention.

But this hard service, and the heat of that Southern clime, told severely on the Massachusetts General. His health failed; his old wound reopened, and he sought a release from the department command by application to Congress to be restored to the army of the commander-in-chief. The officers in the Southern army and all the leading citizens of South Carolina protested—the gallant Moultrie, then second in command, among the protestants. Such an expression was to Lincoln's faithful heart, a command, and he decided to remain. Congress, by a formal order, requested him so to do, and measures were adopted to strengthen the Southern forces.

Count d'Estaing, with the French fleet, ap-  
pearing off the coast (Sept. 1st, 1779), a combined movement against Savannah was arranged, but not until the 16th did the American commander and his forces reach the city. Then it was found that the count had, in the name of France, demanded a surrendered an act which Lincoln at once repudiated, and, Prevost holding out, a combined assault was arranged, led by d'Estaing and Lincoln, personally. This occurred under cover of the darkness, on the evening of Oct. 9th. The main work was assailed in front by the two commanders, while a column of French under Count Dillon was to work its way around to the rear. The struggle was very sanguinary. d'Estaing was severely wounded, and Lincoln, not speaking French, could not command the allies; but the work was fairly won, when Col. Maitland's dragoons, leaving their own redoubts, drove the conquerors out. Count Dillon came up five minutes too late; the victory was lost to the allies, and a retreat was executed in good order. Among the slain was that glorious hero, Count Pulaski.

d'Estaing, having readily disengaged orders in not before sailing for France, did not long tarry, and Lincoln was left alone, with a defeated army and depleted ranks. But, undaunted, and still sustained by the sympathy and confidence of every patriot, he proceeded to prepare for the new trial. The British had resolved to gain the South at all hazards, and the city of Charleston was the menaced point.

When Sir Henry Clinton finally appeared, and made a landing on John's Island (Feb. 10th, 1780), the defenses of the city had so ill progressed that the powerful British had but to advance to take the place, but Clinton moved upon his prize so slowly that, when he appeared before the town, he found the Americans ready for fight. A formal siege was ordered, the first week in April, as narrated in our sketch of Moultrie. By April 21st the city was starved into a flag of truce, but, Lincoln's propositions for capitulation being rejected, the fight went on. The besiegers carried their lines (approaches) up to the American intrenchments, and on May 8th were ready for a final assault. Again a summons to unconditional surrender was rejected, and the fight was renewed with vindictive fierceness. For two days the awful bombardment continued, when longer fight was absolutely impossible. Food and ammunition were alike exhausted; the troops were worn out; the suffering citizens were savagely clamorous for release from the horrors of shot and shell; so Lincoln succumbed, and on the 12th a formal capitulation ended that most formidable defense. Lincoln remained a prisoner in Charleston until November 1st, when he was exchanged and returned home, but did not rejoin the army until the succeeding summer. He commanded a division before Yorktown, and participated in that glorious siege, to be formally thanked by Washington for his services there.

Lincoln was then made Secretary of War, and filled that arduous office to the end of hostilities and the disbandment of the Continental army, in October, 1783. His patience, tact and personal popularity served his country well at

a time when disorder and mutiny seemed likely to sulley our newly-won independence.

The record of the latter years of Lincoln's life was one of honor. Offices of trust were his. When Shay's "rebellion" broke out he was the man chosen to quell the disturbance. He greatly contributed to the adoption, by Massachusetts, of the Federal Constitution. In 1788 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State. The succeeding year, by Washington's appointment, he was made Collector of the Port of Boston—an office he held until 1806, when age and infirmity compelled him to withdraw. He died May 9th, 1810—beloved to a degree amounting to veneration, by all who knew him well, and revered by the nation that did not fail to fix a proper estimate on services rendered.

"I don't know what it was he said," doggedly replied the witness.

"And why did you say that, after leaving the church, he muttered, 'I've done it! I've done it!'"

"He did say something like that."

"And you told a dozen men, whom I have here to confront you, that those were his very words."

"Under the biting sarcasm of Clarence Erskine, Anthony White left the witness stand, no longer puffed up with the idea of his greatness, and as witness after witness fell into the merciful draw. He died May 9th, 1810—beloved to a degree amounting to veneration, by all who knew him well, and revered by the nation that did not fail to fix a proper estimate on services rendered.

At length the time came for Clarence Erskine to make his great speech, in pleading for the innocence of his client, and the court-house was crowded almost to suffocation by a dense throng of the best people of the city.

Arising, amid a breathless silence, Clarence Erskine went on to relate how, through the kindness of a wealthy fellow-student, the prisoner had been taken as a mere waif, and placed at college.

How he had behaved himself there without reproach, and never been absent from the grounds of the university from his arrival until he left.

At length a quarrel with a fellow-student caused his gay benefactor to fly from the college, for in anger he had struck at the life of a comrade, who, after weeks of lingering suffering, had recovered from the wound inflicted.

Left alone by the flight of his friend, Everard Ainslie had at once departed from the university, determined to seek a living for himself.

He admits his moody feelings the night of his drive with Mr. Anthony White, and his stopping in front of the church; nay, more—that he picked up a paper in the road, which, by some strange chance, interested him—why, the prisoner refused to make known.

Also he admitted entering the church, impelled by a native known only to himself, and discovering there the dead body of the aged pastor.

Then it was that he fled from the sacred edifice in horror, and begged the driver to speed on for God's sake.

Arriving in the city, he sought to find his fellow-student, and for several days tracked him from place to place, and when his ebbing funds warned him away to seek work, he started for New York on foot.

While en route to the metropolis he did a noble deed, at risk of his own life; and Clarence went on to tell how Everard Ainslie had nobly served his father and sister.

Then followed an account of the accident, in which poor Florice lost her life, and then how devotedly the youth had watched over his wounded benefactor.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury," continued Clarence, "I admit that a dark, damnable mystery hangs over the murder of poor Rev. Felix Hargrove; I admit that a paper found by the roadside nearly interested my client, and that he entered the church; but you have to know whether he entered that sacred tabernacle of God for the purpose of deliberately breaking one of His commandments."

"Look! he is a mere youth; his hands are as delicate as a woman's, and yet they would say 'He hired you for that purpose?'

"Yes, sir; he gave me twenty dollars for the trip."

"Never mind what he gave you. It was at night, was it not?"

"Yes, sir; but the moon was a-shining as bright as day."

"Go on to relate the incidents of that midnight ride."

"Well, sir, the young gentleman seemed to be very cross about something, for when I went to talk to him—you see I am sociable like in my habits—he snapped me up short."

"The first witness called was Anthony White.

"A smile crossed the lips of Everard Ainslie as the man, who had driven him from the college to the town, took the witness stand.

"Then, as each juror was accepted, and took his seat in the box, Everard glanced wistfully into his face, as if studying his character.

Like a hawk, Clarence Erskine sat watching the proceedings of the court, challenging here and there a juror, and with his cold, biting sarcasm causing the opposing counsel to wince at each parting of his stern lips.

Now, gentlemen of the jury," continued Clarence, "I admit that a dark, damnable mystery hangs over the murder of poor Rev. Felix Hargrove; I admit that a paper found by the roadside nearly interested my client, and that he entered the church; but you have to know whether he entered that sacred tabernacle of God for the purpose of deliberately breaking one of His commandments."

"Well, I must make a bold stand now, or all is lost—all my bright hopes for power over men will be dashed to the ground."

"I know that I am beautiful in face and faultless in form, and I feel that I can coin a sweet revenge against mankind, for has not one man whom I trusted cast a shadow over the very threshold of my life?"

"Did he not swear to me that I should be acknowledged his wife before the world, and live with him in his grand city home? but, how did he keep that promise? Why, he tired of me, just as I have read in novels that other men tired of as fair women as I. Yes, he would have cast me off, for he was plotting so to do when the crash came sooner than he had anticipated."

"No, I did not love him; he could not stir the inmost recesses of my heart—heart, did I say?"

"Why, I have no such function—I am without heart—now; yet there was a time when they best love would have gone forth to one man, and did he but nurture it as deserved it would have been all that he could have wished."

"It is, and with truth—

"Woman's love, like the ivy,

Will too often cling,

Around a base and worthless thing."

"And thus it was with my love. He was unworthy of it, and cast off the tendrils of my affection."

"Well, the die is cast now, and I am launched upon the tempestuous sea of life; but is it my fault that I am what I am—an unrecognized wife?"

"No; Fate led me astray, and Fate was cruel, for it cast my life in unpleasant places; it made my home a very hell; my days and nights a very nightmare of dread; but I cannot believe that I was destined to ever pass my days in that spot, which it were desperation upon the name of home to call it such."

"Now, without heart I must ever be, for what I care now! Am I not cast-off wife?"

"Is not my husband a fugitive, with the brand of murder upon his soul? Is not my own hand, delicate and shapely though it be, stained with blood? True, it was in defense of those who certainly have proven my friends; yet the specter of the dead must arise before me, for I, a woman, a mere girl, sent him to his grave."

"And was I not tried for murder? Have not my days and nights, for weeks past, been passed in a felon's cell? Am I not now a waif, an outcast?"

"Oh, God! how the damnable questions surge up to be answered against my soul!"

"But I have stepped off the brink now, and must go down; I must not draw back now, for I have drunk of the fatal chalice held to my lips, and its poison is running like molten lead through my veins."

"True, I might tell them the whole truth, and they would not cast me off; but, dare I run the risk? Might not the trial of his crime be followed and his life end upon the gallows. He must not die thus, for I must meet him yet; I have a wrong to avenge. I hold against him that which will make his very craven soul cringe with despair."

"No, I must not hesitate now; I must have no heart, no conscience, but, with a mask of falsehood upon my face, go defiantly through life."

"Yes, I will brave it out."

"So saying, the maiden, by an exertion of her wonderful self-control, drove from her face every shadow of evil, every hard look, and with a smile upon her full lips, a glance of affection in her beautiful eyes, left the room to seek Colonel Erskine and Clarence, for she purposed making them to a confession—a tissue of falsehoods."

while her face was flushed as though with natural bloom, the maiden said, quietly:

"Have I intruded, my friends, for such you have proven yourselves to be?"

"By no means, Eve—Ev—what must I call you now?"

"Eve, sir. My name is Eve Ainslie. The latter part of my Christian name was added."

"And aptly done! Be seated, Eve, for we were just speaking of you, and of how cleverly you had deceived every one who knew you. Be seated, please, and tell us how you feel now," said Colonel Erskine drew the maiden gently toward him.

"I am better, thank you, sir; in fact I am quite recovered, and have come to make to you and your son a confession which I owe you—"

"Wait a while, Eve, for your nerves are yet unstrung from the long and cruel strain upon them. You need rest and quiet," said Clarence, kindly.

"No, let me tell you all now, and then I will feel more like rest, and I desire earnestly to confess to you, and prove that, though I deceived you as regards my sex, I certainly had no desire to do so otherwise," and Eve Ainslie spoke most earnestly, while both Colonel Erskine and Clarence awaited in silent expectation the confession she had to make.

"From first to last I must tell you all," began the maiden, seating herself in an easy-chair, and in such a way that the shadows from the window curtain fell upon her face.

"Yes," she continued, "it is not my intention to deceive any longer, especially you my true friends, whom I have learned to love so dearly."

"I was born upon the Hudson river, and my father was a gentleman and a man of wealth—my mother a poor farmer's daughter.

"Disinherited by his parents for marrying one beneath him, my father took to the sea for a support, and upon the sea he lost his life when I was a wee thing.

"My mother soon after went to her grave—it was said dying of a broken heart, and as I was a pretty, bright child, my father's rich and proud relatives adopted me, and for years I lived with them indulged in every luxury, and educated daily in all that it was proper for me to know.

"Though a mere girl I was a proficiente musician, possessed a good voice, and was a fair artist; but when in my fifteenth year there came a crash; my grandfather lost his wealth in speculation, shot himself through the heart in despair, and his family were left penniless. Even my own rich wardrobe and jewels went for food, and I was consigned to the care of a harsh, cruel woman, living on the river in a small house of her own.

"The woman had once been the *affiance* of my father; then she was beautiful and well off; but, when my father married another she became tired of a gay life, gave up the world, and settled herself down to a lonely life of bitter regret.

"I at first believed that she took me with her from kindness of heart—a lingering love for my father's memory; now I know that she did so for revenge.

"From the day I entered her home I became her slave. Every duty was thrown upon me. I even caught the fish for dinner, attended to the garden, milked the cow, and did all the work about the place that a man should have done.

"But, what else could I do? I was in her power and without a friend in the world to aid me.

"From my hard duties I soon got to wearing clothing fitted to my work, and some old clothing was made into suits for me, until I was wont to dress wholly in man's attire.

"And well was it for me that I was so dressed, for often was I upset on the river, and had I worn the clothing my sex demanded I should have been drowned.

"One day, when out fishing, a squall came up and upset a small sail-boat lying not far from me, its occupant having gone to sleep.

"Washed away from his capsized boat, and in the middle of the river, the person would have been drowned, had I not gone to his rescue, and drawn him into my skiff.

"He proved to be a student of a college a few miles distant, and was so thankful for his life that he offered me a large sum of money, believing me to be, in my rough clothing, and with my hair cut short, some fisher lad.

"At first I was almost tempted to take his gold, and with it to fly from my cruel bondage; but I thought afterward that I could not be happy if I accepted his money, and so I refused, greatly to his chagrin.

"After that we met several times, and believing me still a boy he begged me to enter the college a student, telling me that he was rich and would defray all my expenses.

"After a long deliberation I accepted his offer, for I was anxious to gain as good an education as possible; but he promised that he would keep a strict account of all he spent for me, and one day allow me to refund it to him.

"With this understanding, he ordered a small room, adjoining his own, prepared for me, and one night sailed over after me, bringing a trunk of clothing for me.

"Leaving my house by stealth, I entered the walls of the university, and became a student there, none suspecting my sex.

"My noble benefactor at length was drawn into a quarrel, as before I told you, with a fellow student, and fled from the college, and then I felt that I must leave also.

"My flight from the university on that fatal night; my arrival in the city, and start, on foot, to New York, you know, so I will say no more."

"And no more need be said, my child," said the kind old colonel, as Eve Ainslie concluded her confession, and let her head fall upon her hand.

Then, while his voice trembled with emotion, he continued:

"You have been like a son to me, child, and now you must take a warmer place in my heart; you must fill the vacuum left by the death of my poor Florice; yes, you shall be as my own daughter, and from this hour cast off the disguise you have so long worn."

"Come, Eve, you are my daughter now, and Clarence will be your brother."

A glad light shot through the eyes of Eve Ainslie, and springing forward she hid her face upon the broad breast of Colonel Erskine, her heart wildly throbbing with joy at her glorious triumph, the future looming up grandly before her ambitious eyes.

*(To be continued—commenced in No. 323.)*

Two young men walking down-town, lately, were discussing the means of obtaining a smoke.

"I've got a counterfeit half-dollar," said one.

"Can't you pass it?" asked the other.

"I don't know; you might."

"Me!" and the young man's face became one continuation of an elongated exclamation point. "Me! Why, the very fact of my having so much money would create suspicion!"

## TWO SONGS.

BY F. X. HALIFAX.

I sung a song at morning—  
I sung a song at night;  
The first a song of sorrow,  
The second of delight.

For I had lost a lover,  
All the world was light;  
But the sun went westward  
I found a new delight.

And then I caroled gayly,  
For life is far too brief;  
And very far too precious  
To spend in vacant grief.

## The Cross of Carillon:

OR,

### THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Several of the passers by had stopped. The pavement just here—a disgrace to the good City of Monuments—was scarred broad enough for the passage of a good-sized wheelbarrow, and the scene that occurred was prominent enough; men and women, newsboys and bootblacks flocking around.

"Loose me, if you please, sir," protested Christabel (we now speak of her by her proper name), confused and annoyed by his demonstrations, and the gaping gaze of bystanders.

"What!" screamed the little girl, holding her hands, and hopping up and down delightedly, "you don't know your uncle, Preston Arly?" But, how should you? I forgive you. The last time you saw me was when you danced on my knees, in baby clothes. I'd have known you, if it was a hundred years ago, by the likeness to your mother's face. Come to my arms! my dear, dear niece!" and he would have hugged her again had she not evaded him determinedly.

"Lo! look at 'im!" giggled a spinster, with craning neck.

"Hoaray!" vociferated the bootblacks, in chorus.

"Go it, old cock—crown some more!" shouted somebody.

"Oh, my peripetic soul—her unkyn!" blubbed a newsboy, pathetically, and dropping into the arms of a companion. "Receive me, Shorty; I'm on the faint!"

The crowd augmented rapidly. Faces stared from every side. On the outskirts of the gathering was a wide awake reporter, jutting the scene in his slip-book.

"Come, come," urged Arly, retaining, and tugging at her hands, "let's get away from these gawks." And to the crowd: "Rag—tag—bobtail! way there—room here. Stand back!" And to Christabel, again: "Come along, my dear niece. What a sorry spectacle I've made of this, I'm sorry to see. Come right along."

Christabel was reasonably bewildered.

As he pulled and tugged at her hands, she permitted him to lead her away from the shouting crowd.

"Ho!" he exclaimed, half-dragging her round the corner of Front street, "luckily, here's a cab. Get in, my dear niece—do get in. Of course you'll go to my house. You've just arrived in town; you had hardly decided what hotel you would select. Yes, I understand it all. Ah! my sweet niece, to think it's been so long since I set eyes on you. Now, get right in."

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bel informed him as quietly as if speaking of the last theater announcement.

"Dead!" repeated the squirming Arly, inwardly. "This is glorious. Meggy out of the way, and the secret of Albert's villainy safe—ho! we progress finely. Excellent!" The "excellent" escaped his lips aloud, and he mended it by adding quickly: "Excellent Meggy Merle. I'm sorry to know of her death. Of course that's what brought you to Baltimore—your heritage, I mean, my dear!"

"Yes."

"And you are ready to prove your identity? You have papers, etc.?"

"Unfortunately I have no proofs, except my knowledge that I am Christabel Carlyon."

"In that case, your meeting with me is all the more happy. I can assist you materially. Why, you've been wanting, these fifteen years. Now you're here, we'll soon fix it. Excellent. Ho! very good. I am all eagerness to help the child of my brother."

"I will show my appreciation," said Christabel, with a bow and a faint smile, "by beginning at once to address you as 'uncle Preston.'"

"Do so, my dear. Excellent. Glorious," cried Arly, bobbing across to the other seat, rubbing his little hands more vigorously than ever.

The car can arrived at its destination, and Preston Arly took Christabel proudly by the hand, leading her into his residence.

There are a great many men who, at Preston Arly's age, grow rheumatic, stiff, and barely capable of crawling round. But Preston Arly was no other than himself; younger at sixty-nine, apparently, than his son at forty-two. Head and heels were full of activity—the expiring spurt of well-worn nature; his body supplied as a flag in a breeze, and his arms and limbs like electric eels.

As they passed the doorway, he pointed to the office sign of "Arly & Arly."

"You see, my darling niece, I am the very one who can aid you." And as he conducted her to the parlor on the second floor, he continued: "Now, you are at home, thoroughly at home, remember. Where is your baggage? Let me send for it immediately. Then we'll have a long, explanatory talk together."

Christabel gave him the number and location of Mrs. Lee's. After further demonstrations of affectionate joy—which would have been more agreeable if omitted—and with a promise to send the housekeeper to attend to her comfort at once, Preston Arly withdrew.

His small, shadowy figure went down the stairs, three steps at a time, and he darted into the side office like a ball from a Roman candle. On one side was a chair with a screw. Into this chair he flung himself, and hitting his knee a slap, he gave a dig at the matting, stuck out his two legs horizontally, and went spinning furiously around.

"Ho!" he cackled. "The bird's eaged—a lovely bird. Excellent. She's not 'posted' at all, and Meggy Merle had her neck broke some time ago. Royal, I say—royal!"

Albert Arly sat leisurely smoking a cigar, with his heels elevated on the window sill.

"Ah! yes—that's royal," he echoed.

ica, and I think I may say, with truth, that his secret sympathies were with the patriots.

A young and handsome officer, a jovial companion, and Bertha Latimer's lover.

Such a man was Captain Graycliffe Clayton.

Helen Latimer was in a merry mood when she left Dorchester, and she did not seem a person who was a prisoner beneath the flag which had waved over America so long.

The destination of the party was soon made manifest by the appearance of an old church which stood in the midst of a grove about three miles from the fort.

"I trust we shall not be late, captain," Helen said.

"Not too late to miss the good benediction," was the smiling reply. "Your father will not attend to-day?"

"He is no doubt at Wingdon Hall, watching over young Mr. Wingdon with his father. I shudder when I think of that terrible blow, Who ever dreamed that a youth, with but a single arm, should make love to me?"

There was a twinkle in Helen Latimer's blue eyes, and the captain permitted a light laugh to ripple over his lips.

"Not I, Miss Helen," he said. "But you have not visited him since his defeat?"

"I am the colonel's prisoner; but a favorite one, I fear," the girl replied. "If papa knew that he permitted me to attend divine service so far from the fort, there would be a battle of words between the pair, and I might be sent on myself in the custody of Colonel Balfour at Charleston. Colonel King is very kind."

"A good soldier whose discipline will not stand against a pair of blue eyes," said the captain in a roguish tone. "But, seriously, Miss Helen, would you mar the confidence that the colonel places in you?"

"Where is the prisoner-of-war who would not escape, were a good chance offered? I am a rebel! my heart is with the cause for which Marion, Sumter and Greene fight like Switzers. Stand still, captain, and give me a start. I warrant that I would take you into the Swamp Fox's den. I did not plead for this liberty! you asked me if I would listen to a Tory's sermon, and I consented. We rebels need watching, ha! ha! ha!"

Her bright eyes glistened, while she laughed till the grove about them rang with a thousand echoes.

"I think you need no watching," Captain Clayton replied. "Rest assured that I would not chase you into Marion's retreat at any rate. The Swamp Fox is a brave fellow, but I do not wish to cultivate his acquaintance."

"You have met him, I believe," said Helen, sarcastically referring to the nocturnal surprise at Azalea.

The captain's cheeks flushed and he bit his lips at a loss for a reply to the cutting taunt, smilingly delivered.

A few moments later the trio dismounted near the door of the church.

It was an antique structure, built with brick brought from England by wealthy emigrants. It was not lofty, but commodious, with great doors, and old-fashioned windows. There was undue space before the pulpit, on either side of which was a tablet containing pointed scriptural truths. Now a few stones mark the site of this olden place of worship, and the stirring events of the Revolution that transpired around it have passed from the memory of man.

It was into this sanctuary that Captain Clayton conducted Helen Latimer.

The entree created a furor among the members of the congregation, and the minister bowed to the pair and pointed to a seat directly before the altar.

It was not Helen's first visit to the church. Before the war she had attended services there with her father; but when the pastor drew sword for freedom, the Tory's attendance ceased, and was not resumed until another minister, a man who, protected by the adherents of the royal cause, preached confusion to King George's enemies.

The sermon interrupted by our heroine's arrival was soon resumed. The discourse, while it was strongly loyal, amused the girl, and she gave it her entire attention, when she was not glancing at her escort to see how he was enjoying it.

The person grew warm as he proceeded; but in the midst of an outburst of ministerial eloquence, he stopped, drew pale and started back with eyes staring at the door.

Instantly a strange cry rung throughout the church, and all eyes were fixed on the entrance where the object of the person's sudden flight had appeared.

A horse and his rider had entered the house of worship, and in the latter's hand was a pistol!

"Silence!" cried the person in the saddle. "I will say the first person who offers to touch a weapon."

The next moment the horse moved forward, and wheeled suddenly before the altar.

"Come here, Helen!" said the intruder, addressing the patriot girl in whose eyes there suddenly gleamed a look of recognition.

She started from Captain Clayton's side, and the rider leaning forward, lifted her from the floor!

All this was the work of a moment, and the spectators, too amazed to stir, looked on like people in a trance.

"Freedom claims its own!" cried the intruder, in triumph, as his eye swept the groups of pallid faces. "I am Nick of the Night, and my mission hither is accomplished. I have robbed a Tory nest of a stolen dove!"

The last words still quivered the speaker's lips, when his horse started toward the entrance. But he did not leave the altar's court before saluting the astonished Clayton, and glancing at the minister, who was peering over the pulpit, behind which he had shrunk for protection!

He bent his body as Santee passed from the church, and a moment later was in the grove, with the prize of his sudden dash!

"The altar of Jehovah has been profaned!" shouted the Tory pastor, leaping from his place of concealment as Santee's black tail disappeared through the door. "Rouse! you men, an' follow the villain! He is the scourge of this district. The Lord will assist us in the chase. He will strengthen the limbs of our animals. Captain Clayton, of the royal army, lead these gallant men after the robber."

But the captain shook his head as he rose to his feet.

"I am on a parole of honor!" he said. "Were I free to pursue, I would not prick a rowel. That young imp deserves success for the boldness of his deed."

The minister gave the captain a look of mingled contempt and scorn, and then his eye swept over the congregation, in a mute appeal for sympathy.

He found but little, for when his flock recovered their equilibrium, they rushed from the church, expecting that a partisan band had taken their horses.

But the steeds were safe; Helen's alone being missing!

### CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH MARION'S MEN SAY "NO!"

The successful abduction of the patriot girl from the midst of the Tory congregation, created much excitement throughout the neighborhood of its commission. It was one of the boldest acts of the day, and occurring as it did on the heels of the battle in the corridors of Wingdon Hall, it threw much additional notoriety and hatred upon the head of the young partisan.

Captain Clayton reported the abduction to Colonel King before that eventful Sabbath had drawn to a close, and the frown that came to the commandant's face lingered there despite the good-natured captain's laugh over his own discomfiture.

"It is no joke with me!" cried the irate colonel, his cheeks flushed with rage. "The girl was under my charge—placed there as the king's enemy—a rebel spy, you may say—by her father, the staunchest loyalist in these parts. My honor was security for her safe-keeping—it was the honor of a British soldier, who never broke his word. Lord Rawdon knew that the girl was in my power, and his last dispatches commanded me to keep her. Captain Clayton, I ought to order you to report to Balfour."

"And I might readily by referring your le-

niency to his lordship."

The colonel looked at his subordinate, in whose power he found himself, and forced a smile upon his lips.

"The girl must be retaken!" he said. "Captain, we will not quarrel about each other's faults. Our loyal friend must be officially informed of his daughter's abduction. Will you not volunteer to be the bearer of my dispatches?"

"With pleasure," answered Clayton, with a promptness that surprised his commandant.

"I wish to see the fair Bertha, and will break the startling tidings to her father."

So it was arranged that the joyful captain should inform Hugh Latimer of Helen's escape from captivity, and quite early on the following day he left Dorchester for the plantation.

He reached Azalea without accident, and was received with much commotion by its inmates.

To the Tory's inquiries about Helen, the captain replied by delivering Colonel King's message, over which the face of the recipient grew red and white by turns.

His rage was almost ungovernable, and the messenger at one time involuntarily shrunk from him, and his hand moved toward the hilt of his sword.

But when the captain explained the abduction, when he said that no soldier should violate his parole in the slightest particular, the Tory turned his attention to Colonel King, whom he berated roundly in language more expressive than elegant. So terribly did he abuse the commandant at Dorchester, that Bertha, who was present at the interview, turned her back upon him and covered her ears with her delicate hands in order to keep out the Niagara of invectives.

There was a smile on Clayton's face during the Tory's abuse of his colonel, and he almost wished that King could have entered the parlor in the midst of it. There would have been bloodshed, for the colonel was no less impetuous than the Tory.

All at once Hugh Latimer ceased his ravings and changed his tone.

"Do you know where Marion is?" he asked the captain.

"No, but I could find him."

"To-day?"

"Good! Bertha, bring your writing-desk to me immediately. I will see if this Swamp Fox will sanction such acts as that performed yesterday."

The girl left the room and soon returned, bearing a tiny *secretaire* which she placed on the table.

"A letter from loyalist to rebel on *billet-loose* paper," said the Tory, as with a smile at the captain, he seated himself at the table.

"Strange paper for correspondence in war times; but Marion is just gallant enough to respect such a letter."

The Tory fell to writing, and while his quill glided rapidly over the sheet, Bertha and the captain carried on a low conversation at a window on the further side of the room.

In a short time Hugh Latimer's voice interrupted the *tele-a-tete*, and the pair turned to him.

"There! I have written to that troublesome will-o'-the-wisp. Captain, do me a favor by reading my letter."

The British officer approached the table and read the following epistle which the Tory put into his hands:

"TO GENERAL FRANCIS MARION:

"MY DEAR SIR:—It is with regret that I have to report and complain of a dastardly outrage committed by a person belonging to your command. Yesterday afternoon my youngest daughter, Helen, was forcibly taken from a church where she was worshiping, by a party who were by profession soldiers of the *rebels* of Nick of the Night. He is well known to you, and it is to your camp that he has forcibly borne my child. Therefore, General, I trust you will repudiate such brigandage warfare by delivering my daughter to me again. The bearer of this communication will reconduct Helen to me. I sincerely hope that you will not sanction the abduction of women from the very altar of Jehovah. The high respect which I, through your fee, entertain for you, leads me to hope that my child will be restored with you. I will, however, if you will release me from my request, I shall at once encourage certain actions which might result disastrously to your command, and accomplish my desire concerning my child. With respect I have the honor to be, General, Your obedient servant,

HUGH LATIMER."

When Captain Clayton finished reading the communication, he looked at its author who had watched him closely.

"Well?" said Latimer.

"I think Marion will pay no attention to this," answered the officer.

"But the threat—the broad hint of vengeance at the foot of the letter," cried Hugh Latimer, flushing visibly and mad in an instant.

"What does Francis Marion care for threats?" Not that!" and the speaker snapped his fingers in the Tory's face. "I fancy that your letter would be greeted with a loud guffaw in the rebel camp. I am speaking in earnest, my dear Latimer."

"And I am in earnest when I swear that Francis Marion shall read this letter if I have to thrust it into his face."

"No! no! no!" cried Bertha, whose dread of the Swamp Fox approached the superstitions.

"You shall not deliver the letter. Why, Marion would string you up for your impudence. I will seek the man, and my hands will give him the communication."

Captain Clayton glanced at the girl and saw that she was speaking in earnest.

The next moment, with the gallantry that had characterized his soldier life, from its inception, he offered himself as the messenger, and was immediately accepted by the Tory. Bertha demurred at this, but when the captain assured her that his parole would protect him, she acquiesced in the arrangement, and saw him off with the epistle in an inner pocket.

It was in the afternoon when Greycliffe Clayton left Azalea with the letter committed to his

care by Hugh Latimer—the letter which the Tory confidently thought that Francis Marion would respect.

The present whereabouts of the dashing partisan officer were not known, and the captain hoped to encounter some members of his band at the approach of night. Such an encounter was his only hope of success, and when the sun went down he found himself near several large braches, not far from the banks of the Ashley.

All at once while the messenger was thinking about the probable failure of his mission, he heard the tramp of a squadron of horse, and presently saw a troop advancing toward him over the road which he was traversing. His resolve to halt the body was formed in the twinkling of an eye, and a minute later he made six and thirty men draw rein by uttering the word "halt!" He saw swords flash from their scabbards, and a score of carbines were leveled at his breast.

Captain Clayton reported the abduction to Colonel King before that eventful Sabbath had drawn to a close, and the frown that came to the commandant's face lingered there despite the good-natured captain's laugh over his own discomfiture.

"It is no joke with me!" cried the irate colonel, his cheeks flushed with rage. "The girl was under my charge—placed there as the king's enemy—a rebel spy, you may say—by her father, the staunchest loyalist in these parts. My honor was security for her safe-keeping—it was the honor of a British soldier, who never broke his word. Lord Rawdon knew that the girl was in my power, and his last dispatches commanded me to keep her. Captain Clayton, I ought to order you to report to Balfour."

"And I might readily by referring your le-

niency to his lordship."

Captain Clayton produced the Tory's letter, and a moment later a sergeant's tinder-box improvised a light.

A murmur of surprise ran through the troop when the light revealed the messenger's uniform, and all eyes were fixed on Marion, who was perusing the epistle.

"I seek Francis Marion, for whom I have a message," the captain said, and while the last word still quivered his lips a little man rode from the troop and touched his chapeau politely.

"Marion, at your service," he said. "The message."

Captain Clayton produced the Tory's letter, and a moment later a sergeant's tinder-box improvised a light.

"I am alone with sad thoughts to-night. Alone with the twilight breeze—

I list to the south wind sighing.

And whispering through the trees.

The stars seem so cold and sad, love.

Tho' they twinkle so clear and bright,

And seem to be smiling on me, love.

From their beautiful homes to-night.

Do you think of your lover, darling?

I list to the south wind sighing.

And I list to the south wind sighing,

And I

## A SERENE WORSHIPER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

He settled down into his pew—  
Two hundred pounds of him;  
The look of quiet on his face  
Was anything but dim;  
I saw he seemed to be at rest  
Even from the opening hymn.

The preacher spoke of sinners' wile;  
You said, "I know him well;  
The inward pity that he felt  
For all the wicked race—  
He closed his eyes as if to give  
Thanks for controlling grace.

He did not open them again,  
As I could plainly see;  
Communing with his inner self  
He seemed at peace to be;  
I looked upon that happy man,  
And wished that I were he.

The preacher spoke of torments dire  
In store for wayward men;  
It did not move him in the least,  
So conscious he felt then  
That 'twas his neighbor spoken of  
Who was as bad as ten.

The preacher pictured happy shores  
Which are awaiting those  
Who don't on Sunday go to church  
To vindicate their clothes,  
And he, not being one of such,  
Went deeper in repose.

So full of sweet content he felt  
He did not seem to care  
For the world's other worth  
That only brings despair.  
I know he thought of stocks and deeds  
That go to make life fair.

A sinful fly lit on his nose,  
But he was so serene  
I thought he thought 'twould break his  
thoughts.

To brush that fly so mean:  
Its feet they didn't tickle him,  
His conscience was so clean.

His head went down upon his breast  
As if it hurt him sore;  
His eyes closed on the floor  
Were by this movement sent;  
But still he let not this disturb  
His feelings of content.

I think I never saw a man  
So free from worldly care;  
He had a very peaceful breast  
As I was well aware—  
The congregation all went out  
And left him sitting there.

## Lucky for Somebody.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MISS PRUDENCE MAYFAIR took off her steel-rimmed glasses, and polished them thoughtfully with a corner of her apron before she put them in their case. Then she carefully folded and replaced in its envelope a square, delicate-perfumed envelope, with a monogram in one corner—a well-filled note-sheet, that began, "Dear old auntie," and that ended, "Yours affectionately, Gussie."

Then, Miss Mayfair looked over to Mrs. Needham, who had run in for a neighborly call at the same time the postman had left Gussie Mayfair's letter.

"I suppose I shall have to be going, after all," said Miss Prudence. "Gussie is possessed I shall come and see the wonderful young fellow she's half-convinced to marry."

Miss Prudence looked half-delighted, half-dismayed as she detailed the delicious little morsel of gossip; and Mrs. Needham's eyes opened wide at the news.

"Go to York! you, Miss Mayfair! Why, it'll take two or three days, won't it? and no end of money to get there?"

Miss Prudence leaned back contentedly in her straight chair.

"Four days hard riding by the Erie, and considerable money. But you know I don't mind like some people; and Gussie's a good little girl, for all her highfalutin airs, and her living in her big brown-stone house all alone with only her servants. Besides, I've an idea I'd like to see New York once. So I'm going."

When Miss Mayfair said she intended to do a thing she always did it; and *vice versa*; and pretty Gussie, hundreds of miles off, had been promised that if she chose a husband to aunt Prudence's liking, that aunt Prudence would make her sole heiress of the immense Mayfair wealth, those Western people knew was sure and solid as the hills—whatever private opinions some people may have had to see funny little Miss Prudence, who wore a cloak fifty years old, and who carried a big bad bag on her arm wherever she went, winter or summer, to church or a wedding, a funeral or to the store.

Independent, intelligent, executive, and big-hearted—Gussie had always loved and respected her relative, who had made such a good home for the orphan child until Gussie had gone East to seek her fortunes with the wonderful talent God had given her—and succeeded—all on account of "the curious little bits of sky and sea, and hill and valley" aunt Prudence declared she painted without so much as looking at them.

So, Gussie Mayfair had prospered and secured herself a pleasant home and an income suited to her tastes and needs; and in the far-distant Western country aunt Prudence managed her farm, and sold her crops, and added interest to principal, and saved her dividends—all in the hopes that bonny Gussie would some day have it all.

And so aunt Prudence packed her little hair-cloth trunk, and shut up her house, and left her orders with honest Jem Brown, the farmer and overseer generally, and bought her ticket for New York—the wonderful, wicked, magnificent city she had dreamed of all her days; while Mrs. Needham solemnly declared it was "flyin' straight in the face of Providence," rushing off, as Miss Prudence did, at her age, and all alone, on such a glorious journey.

But, four days of weather, and a comfortable palace-car brought Miss Mayfair safely to the door of an imposing house on Murray Hill; and a minute later Gussie was warming her warmly.

A porcelain picture, framed in dark-maroon velvet, with dainty gilt rest and a tiny bow of light-blue ribbon to hang it by; and Gussie Mayfair's eager, smiling face looking at aunt Prudence, as she placed her lover's picture in the wrinkled, bony hands.

"There, auntie, that is Algernon. Now tell me just what you think. Isn't he perfectly splendid? Did you ever see a handsomer fellow? And, oh, auntie, he is just as nice as he looks, or—"

Gussie gave a little cry.

"Oh, don't say you don't like him, because I should be terribly disappointed. Anyhow, you'll admit he's handsome?"

Aunt Prudence smiled, and looked from Algernon Morey's bold, handsome face to Gussie's own—so radiant and piquant that it was little wonder she had scores of love-sick admirers.

"Well, which am I to give? My candid opinion, or subscribe to yours? Shall I say like his looks, or—"

Gussie gave a little cry.

"Oh, don't say you don't like him, because I should be terribly disappointed. Anyhow, you'll admit he's handsome?"

Aunt Prudence held her head to one side, critically, and looked down in the smiling,

black eyes, at the heavy masses of dark hair and the drooping, graceful mustache.

"Y-e-s—a handsome man, Gussie—that is, if you admire so much black and white. However, looks aren't much."

Gussie's cheeks flushed exquisitely, as she glanced shyly at the picture.

"I do like black and white, auntie, if by that you mean Algernon's style. And besides his beauty he's good. He never swears, or smokes, or chews, or plays cards, or races horses or drinks, or—anything."

Miss Mayfair coughed dryly.

"He's too good to keep, I'm afraid. Why, I play cards, and I don't see the harm, either."

Gussie smiled sweetly.

"But I meant for money, you know. There's nothing Al so hates as playing for money. He has often told me so. And, besides, he goes regularly to church, auntie."

Gussie's voice was full of proud enthusiasm; but aunt Prudence was solemnly studying the face before her.

"Oh, he does, does he? To your church, I suppose, when you go?"

Gussie frowned a little.

"He would go all the same, auntie. Please don't be hard on him. Only wait till you see him before you pass judgment."

Miss Mayfair laid the picture thoughtfully aside.

"Niece Augusta—I'm sorry to say so—but I don't like the cut of his jib. You mark my words—that young fellow, for all his handsome face, isn't to be trusted. Mind now, and under aunt Prudence's smiling, sarcastic eyes,

Miss Mayfair laid the picture thoughtfully aside.

"Not to be trusted! Why, aunt Prudence, what do you mean? Mr. Morey is a gentleman of unexceptionable character and reputation."

Little crimson spots begin to burn on Gussie's cheeks; but Miss Mayfair only answered very quietly:

"I can't help it, child. I know the right sort of a man when I see him, if I have lived out West all my life. Where are you going to take me to-day, Gussie? It's my last week, remember."

"If you only would stay all winter! You could, just as well as not, auntie, only you think you can't. Where shall we go? You wouldn't care for the Park again, or a last shopping-tour? Shall it be a "Pique" matinee, or the minstrels—or—oh, auntie, didn't you tell me you wanted to see one of those landscapes of mine at Goupil's?"

Aunt Prudence reached out for her bead bag that lay on an easer.

"That's it, Gussie. We'll go to that outlandish named place, and see that picture of your folks are raving over. Will it be for sale, child? I might buy it, you know—not that you haven't been free as water giving me little things—but I suppose I might get it for a dollar or so, mightn't I—maybe a couple of dollars?"

Gussie smiled serenely.

"Well see when we get there, auntie. I wish Algernon would come. Isn't it strange he should be off on a pleasure trip the very time you are here? Oh, auntie, I do so want to see him."

Aunt Prudence looked over her glasses.

"Do you think he'll be home this week? I might stay over my time if I thought—"

Gussie took her up suddenly.

"That's it!—stay, and you'll be sure to change the unpleasant opinion you've formed of him. Now, I'll ring for the carriage, and we'll dress and go out."

For a wonder, Goupil's was deserted that day, when Miss Mayfair and aunt Prudence went in among the pictures—themselves making an unconscious tableau as Gussie kindly and courteously escorted the older lady from one rare specimen of artistic skill to another—until even at last aunt Prudence admitted she was unable to tell which picture of all she had seen would suit her best to buy and carry West.

"I never was so mixed up in my born days, Gussie," she said, helplessly, as she sat down on one of the little sofas. "What I'm to do I don't know. I want one I saw somewhere, of yours, and I can't even remember the subject. Suppose you get me a catalogue, Gussie, and leave me to study it awhile, and you run around to Stewart's to order those damask napkins you spoke of."

Gussie laughingly complied.

"If you want a half-hour of undisturbed repose, auntie—certainly. I will send you a catalogue to help clear the cobwebs from your brain, and I'll come back as soon as I can."

She looked very fair and noble in her thoughtful, ladylike attentions to the old-fashioned, country-looking relative, and went out to her carriage with a firm, proud tread that did the very soul of aunt Prudence good as she looked almost wistfully after her.

"To think she'll throw herself away on such a fellow as I know that beau of hers is! Well—it's a pity I haven't seen him, after my coming purposely, too. It's my private opinion the young gentleman knows I'm here, and keeps out of the way, thinking I am keen enough to understand him."

Then Miss Prudence settled herself comfortably back in the corner of the sofa, adjusted her glasses, and plunged into the catalogue so absorbedly that she actually started in bewilderment to hear a very unfamiliar voice pronounce a very familiar name.

"'Reflection' is Miss Mayfair's latest—and a very pretty thing, too. By the way, Morey, I thought I saw her carriage as we passed Stewart's; why don't you go in and find her?"

The old lady straightened up.

Morey! Gussie's lover, not a yard from her!

She peered with her glass-rims eagerly, wondering which was he—and then, picked him out instantly, by his black, waving hair, and broad, fine shoulders.

Morey shrugged his shoulders the same instant.

"Thank you, no! I am not supposed to be within a hundred miles of New York just at present—although if I was to meet my lady Gussie face to face, I should only have returned, you know."

Morey's companion frowned inquiringly.

"I don't understand."

"I do, thoroughly. Lynn, Gussie's aunt from the West is on hand—came a month ago, nearly, as Gussie said purposely to form her estimate of me, and I couldn't see it, you know. The idea of such a cat as those sharp old maid aunts are ferreting all my shortcomings out—not any, thank you."

They laughed, as if it was a good joke; and aunt Prudence straightened up, stiff as a ramrod, and with an expression in her eyes that was a comical mixture of extreme satisfaction and extreme indignation. She laid down her catalogue, and deliberately scanned the young gentlemen, whose conversation went on in supreme disregard of the presence of such an old-fashioned, unimportant-looking person.

"Then you are not so sure you would stand the test, Morey? I thought Miss Mayfair's de-

votion was proof of your popularity in that quarter."

Morey twirled his fancy cane.

"Oh, yes; Gussie's all right. You couldn't make her believe I would touch a card or a cigar with a seven-foot pole; and as for brandy and soda, Lynn, I don't think she'd believe her own eyes if she saw me with an empty glass in my hands. I've succeeded in convincing her, I can tell you—and my reward will compensate for the lies I've told—Miss Gussie and her neat little fortune."

Morey pulled out his watch impatiently as he spoke.

"It's strange Morris isn't here. He agreed to come at four, sharp, and take up that bet on Wildfire. I tell you, Lynn, I calculate to make a cool thousand by that race—Jupiter Ammon! If yonder's not my divinity herself! Remember, Lynn—I'm just this hour come to the city!"

Aunt Prudence looked up to see Gussie approaching—fair, flushed, and so delightedly surprised when Mr. Morey advanced with extended and uplifted hand.

"'Al'st you the right way fur yer down-grade, when blow me if I didn't bu'st a link an' drop eleven cars!' The way we slipped over that ridge was like hot coffee down yer gullet with only five minutes fur refreshments, an' short time at that!"

"As luck would have it, my conductor an' hind brakesman was both in the cab—got to tellin' yarns in there while we was waitin' fur No. 4. You bet yer boots they looked blank at one another when they found that the tail end of our train was boomin' straight fur the Junction, with not a brake set, an' not a man aboard to set one!"

"Jest then we heared a whistle, an' knowned it was the express, comin' up the other side o' the Junction. At that the conductor, Bill Jarvis—I'll always remember Bill—got all white at the gills as if he had seen the ghost of his gran'ther."

"It'll be jest in time to meet the express!" says he; "an' two or three hundred people air sayin' on that train! My God! it'll be the biggest butchery on record!"

"The hind brakesman had cleared the tender an' flew from brake to brake, until he come to a standstill. When he was goin' to start back Bill grabbed my arm—an' he didn't lack fur grip, neither, ol' hoss!—an' he says, says he, in a loud whisper:

"'Wait! Wait!'

"He looked so white an' scart that I done what he told me, jest like a child. An' so we stood an' waited, no one darin' to speak a word.

"It wan't long, though; fur the crash come with such a rippin' an' tearin' that the blood run clean down into my toes like ice-water. At that Bill flopped right down on the cab floor, coverin' his head with his arms, with a yell a' them! I reversed the lever, an' started on the back track; but he jumps up, an' started all up to slivers, as fine as matches!

Aunt Prudence tossed her head contemptuously.

"Of course you hadn't, young man! But I want you to understand you can't convince me it was a jest, as easily as you boasted you had convinced my niece Gussie that you would not touch a card with a seven-foot pole."

"I want you to understand I know you—that I am a sharp old woman, who can convince her niece o' a few things you may regret."

Gussie stood, almost petrified, looking at the unmistakably nonplussed and guilty face of the man she had come so near—oh, so near—loving!

"Is it true, Mr. Morey?"

She was cold as an icicle as she spoke.

Morey coughed confusedly.

"It was only a joke, I assure you, Miss Mayfair—only a jest. I had not the slightest idea of this excellent lady."

Aunt Prudence tossed her head contemptuously.

"Of course you hadn't, young man! But I want you to understand you can't convince me it was a jest, as easily as you boasted you had convinced my niece Gussie that you would not touch a card with a seven-foot pole."

"I want you to understand I know you—that I am a sharp old woman, who can convince her niece o' a few things you may regret."

Aunt Prudence reached out for her bead bag that lay on an easer.

"That's it, Gussie. We'll go to that outlandish named place, and see that picture of your folks are raving over."

Instantly half a dozen tobacco-pouches were extended to him eagerly, each craving the honor of supplying his want. Cap accepted the most plethoric pouch—he always did that. Cap never was "primed" with